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TO HAVE A GOOD LAUGH.

What is called "putting the cart before the horse," in changing the beginnings of words, is thus cleverly illustrated:—

Oh! for some deep, secluded dell,
Where brick and mortar's line may cease;
To sit down in a pot of grease—
No, no—I mean a grot of peace!

I'd choose a home by Erin's wave,
With not a sound to mar life's lot;
I'd by the cannon have a shot—
No—by the Shannon have a cot!

How fair that rocky isle around,
That wide expanse to scan it o'er;
I love a shiver with a roar—
No—I mean a river with a shore!

Romantic Erin's sea-girl land,
How sweet with one you love the most
To watch the cocks upon the roost—
No—I mean the rocks upon the coast!

'Twere sweet, at moonlight's mystic hour,
To wander forth where few frequent,
And come upon a tipsy gent—
No, no—I mean a Gipsy's tent!

Or, in your solitude to meet
Some long-lost friend, surprised and pleased,
And find you're by his harse-pan greased—
No—I mean by his grasping seized!

In that retirement lone I would
Pursue some rustic industry,
And make myself a boiling lye—
No, no—I mean a toiling bee!

Beneath a shady sycamore,
How sweet to breathe love's tender vow;
Your dear one bitten by a sow—
No—I mean bitten by a bough!

Or, sweet with your fond wife to sit
Outside your door at daylight's close,
Whilst she's hard hitting at your nose—
No—I mean hard hitting at your hose!

Perhaps on early cares you brood,
While sympathy her sweet face shows;
'Tis good to walk upon one's toes—
No—I mean to talk upon one's woes!

She smiles you into jest at last,
As pleased to see the spell is broke,
And draw from you a gentle smoke—
No, no—I mean a mental joke!

Ah! now you watch that fairy shape,
A summer dress which does adorn,
Admiring much her laugh of scorn—
No, no—I mean her scarf of lawn!

OLD SLEDGE GAME; OR, THE SAILORS' DUEL.

On the eighth of May, 1843, an American sloop-of-war entered the beautiful basin which runs up into the city of Marseilles; and having obtained a berth among the numerous vessels, she was soon warped into it and secured. Next above the Yankee lay a French steamer, belonging to the line of government vessels which plied between the French ports and Algiers, and so near were the two together that barely room enough was left for the passing of the boats. Most of the officers of these steamers, from their constant intercourse with the English, are pretty well versed in our language, and they speak it much more fluently than do those whose sole instruction has been gleaned from drawing-room and boudoir, from the fact that the peculiar technicalities and idioms of ship-board are more striking and pointed in their application, and can be made to bear on no such variety of constructions as do the terms of landmen.

One morning, Tom Wallace, as fine a specimen of a Yankee sailor as our navy affords, came upon the deck of the sloop-of-war, and having stowed away his hammock, he called his gang to come and wash down the top-gallant-forecastle. As he reached that portion of the ship which was given to his especial charge, he was not a little chagrined to find nearly half an inch of nasty black soot and clinders spread over his territory; and as the dew, which on the shores of the Mediterranean falls very heavily, had become thoroughly mixed with it, the composition was by no means calculated to beget very pleasant reflections. The Frenchman's huge smoke-pipe was puffing away most furiously, and Tom saw at once to whom he was indebted for this disagreeable favor; but as he knew that the steamer must let her steam and smoke off somewhere, and that it was not her fault that the wind happened to blow just as it did, he smothered his indignation, and waited till the dirt ceased to fall, when he washed down the forecastle, and then coiled away his running rigging. By the time this was accomplished, the welcome roll of the drum was heard, and Tom started for the grog-tub; then the shrill pipe of the boatswain cut the air, and our hero soon forgot his troubles over a smoking pan of lob-scouse.

Three bells had just struck, when Tom Wallace obtained permission to take a turn on shore; and accordingly, arrayed in his best shore-togs, he leaped in a shore-boat, which happened to be alongside, and put off.

"Hallo," shouted Tom, as he saw that the boatman was pulling in a totally different direction from that which he wished to take, "where are you going?"

"Ah, sir," answered the French boatman, "de officer of the steamer have one very bad law for ze boats. Dey no let us go under zeir bows, an' so we must go very great ways round."

"Why, there's plenty of room between the steamer's bows and the vessel ahead of her," answered Tom, not at all relishing this kind of work.

"O, yes, I know ze is plenty of ze room, but the boat vill have got to go under ze bows, an' its only yesterday zat dey drop one ver heavy cannon-ball into a boat an' sink him."

"What, just because they pulled the boat under the steamer's bows?"

"Oui, Monsieur certainly."

"Well," replied Tom, who had no idea of being rowed around nearly half a mile, when only a few rods would answer just as well, "just you pull your boat between the steamer and the brig, and if there is any damages done I'll make it all right; only pull as near the brig's stern as possible, so as to give no chance for the French officers for reasonable complaint."

It frequently happens that on board government vessels, while lying in port, the seamen contrive to get con-

siderable rum smuggled off to them, and consequently very strict measures are adopted to prevent the evil; but in many cases they are more nice than wise in their restrictions, as, for instance, in the present case. Now, there was no earthly reason why the officers of the steamer should assume the authority of shutting up the only convenient passage-way from a large number of vessels to the shore, merely because in one or two instances the shore-boats had smuggled off rum, and Tom was determined that he would not stand it; for he considered that the waters of the basin were free to all honest men. After some little hesitation, the boatman brought his skiff about and was soon nearly under the steamer's bows.

"Ditou," shouted a French lieutenant, who stood upon the forecastle.

"If you are going to talk to me, just speak English, will you?" answered our Yankee sailor, as he rose up in the stern-sheets of the boat.

"Yes, I can talk English," returned the Frenchman. "Now, just turn your boat about and go some other way."

"No sir," said Tom, who felt a little cut by the insolent manner of the officer. "This water is as free to me as it is to you, and I am in a hurry to go ashore. You may watch me as narrowly as you please, and if I trouble you in the least, let me suffer for it; but under your bows I go."

Just as the boat was shooting harmlessly by, down came a torrent of water upon Tom's devoted head, completely saturating his clothes, and almost blinding him; and hearing a broad laugh from the steamer, he raised his eyes and saw as he could get them clear of the salt water, and saw the lieutenant standing with an inverted bucket in his hand, his face being graced at the same time by a broad grin. Tom could have leaped overboard and swam to the steamer, so great was his rage at this unprovoked insult; but he soon smothered his feelings, and kept on to the shore.

Along about the middle of the afternoon, our hero entered one of the cafes which are situated on the square opposite the Opera House, and the first person on whom his eyes chanced to rest was the identical lieutenant from whom he had received the indignity of the morning. The Frenchman, however, did not at first recognize his victim, as he had procured a new suit of clothes; but Tom was not long in making himself known. He called for a bottle of wine, and then seated himself in such a position that the lieutenant would have to pass him when he went out, taking good care to have a water pitcher ready in case of emergency. It was not long before the desired time arrived, for the Frenchman arose from his seat and started.

"Hallo there," exclaimed Tom, as he approached the passage between our hero's table and the wall, "you can't pass here, sir."

"Eh? What?" ejaculated the officer, perfectly astounded at what he had heard.

"I say you can't pass here, sir," coolly answered Tom. "I don't know exactly what you mean," said the Frenchman, who had somewhat recovered from his surprise; but I believe these passages are all free."

"Just about as free as the waters of your harbors are," replied Tom, whose lips began to quiver a little; "and now, if you pass this table, I'll give you the same occasion for seizing the large water-pitcher in his hand."

The Frenchman stood for a moment irresolute. He recognized Tom as the person whom he had washed down in the morning, and felt sure that he would resent it; but a number of brother officers were present, whom he did not wish should witness anything like cowardice on his part, so he boldly stepped forward; but Tom was true to his word, for no sooner was the Frenchman opposite his table than he was deluged by the contents of the Yankee's huge pitcher. For a moment the dripping man assumed a deathlike hue, and turning to his tormentor, he hissed between his clenched teeth—

"We shall meet again, sir."

"There's not the least need of that," replied Tom. "You grossly injured and insulted me this morning without provocation, which certainly gave ample provocation for this. We are now square."

"I tell you we shall meet again," repeated the Frenchman in a deep tone, and then turning away, he left the cafe.

In the evening our hero concluded to go to the opera; accordingly at the proper hour he entered the building, and after a vast deal of patient waiting, he got his turn at the ticket window, through which he shored a five-franc piece.

"Bon-ton?" asked the clerk—a word frequently used to designate the first-class boxes.

"Oui," answered Tom; he knew this much of French, though he was totally ignorant of what the ticket-seller meant, and cared less.

"Boutez en avant!" shouted the clerk behind, and seizing his ticket, our Yankee pushed on to the entrance.

Tom passed on from one guide to another, until he at length found himself in the midst of the most superlative set of perfumed and frizzled men-monkeys that it had ever been his fortune to meet; but he put a bold face on the matter, and quietly took his seat near the front of the tier. He soon found himself in hot water, for no sooner had he become comfortably seated, than he noticed that every opera glass was brought to bear upon his sunburnt face, and he began to wince beneath the steady aim of those insolent artificial optics. While he was deliberating on the expediency of vacating the premises, he noticed an old gentleman upon his right, who held in his hand an opera-glass of the most enormous dimensions—a pair of regular twin telescopes—and as said individual possessed a very benign countenance, Tom thought he would venture a question.

"Comment vous portez vous?" said Tom with very bad pronunciation.

"Ah, you'd speak English much better," replied the old gentleman, with a smile.

"Good!" exclaimed our hero, feeling quite relieved to find himself so near an Englishman. "Would you be so kind as to let me take that glass of yours?"

"Certainly," answered the Englishman, as he passed the instrument over with a peculiar twinkle which seemed to indicate that he understood the other's object.

Tom deliberately placed his elbows upon the rail in front of him, and raising the glass, he hid his face behind its capacious barrels, and then levelled it upon the impatient puppets who were still quizzing him. One after another of the offensive glasses were lowered beneath the determinate gaze of the Yankee, until at length he caught, as he took a sweeping survey of the boxes, the form of the French officer who had left him in such a passion at the cafe. Said officer was gazing intently upon the victim of his morning's operation, and as his features were plainly revealed by the powerful lenses of Tom's glass, our hero discovered that they wore anything but a pleasing expression, and he saw at once that he was most seriously angry.

"Do you know who that man is that regards you so sharply?" asked the owner of the opera glass, as Tom returned it.

"I know he belongs on board the steamer, that's all," replied Tom.

"That is Jean Mardelot, a lieutenant, commonly called le Acier Jean, the greatest swordsman in Marseilles; and if I am not mistaken, he has something against you."

"Well, there has been something passed between us," replied Tom; and then he went on and related what had occurred.

"Pretty good, pretty good!" said the Englishman, laughing heartily at our hero's account of the affair. "But," he continued, while his countenance assumed a serious aspect, "he will never forgive you for the manner in which you returned his compliment, and you had better leave the opera at once."

"Never forgive me!" repeated Tom. "Why, I but paid him off in his own coin, and I should not suppose he would wish to carry the matter any further."

"Ah, you do not know Jean Mardelot," returned the old man. "Well, it can't be helped now."

"Yes it can."

"How?"

"Leave the house at once."

"And run away from a Frenchman?" exclaimed Tom, while his eyes actually flashed fire. "Is that a country man of yours?" continued he, as his eyes rested upon a military-looking man who sat next to the old gentleman.

"I am an Englishman," replied the man alluded to, as he leaned forward.

"Would you flee from that French officer?"

"Me," iterated the gentleman. "No, sir."

"Nor will I. If he wishes to trouble me, let him come."

The two gentlemen exchanged a few whispered sentences, and at length the elder turned to our hero and remarked—

"Captain Clinton will serve you, sir, if you desire."

"Thank you, sir," replied Tom, "but I have no desire to fight."

The English captain would have made some answer to the remark, had not their attention been at this moment attracted by the approach of the French officer; and in a moment more he entered the box where sat our hero.

"American?" said the Frenchman, laying his hand upon Tom's shoulder, "will you give me a little conversation?"

"Certainly," replied the Yankee, as he rose from his seat and followed the other to one of the lobbies.

"Now, sir, uttered the lieutenant, as he closed the door behind him, 'you have given me one very bad insult!'"

"It was you who insulted me," replied Tom, nothing daunted by the occasion which began to manifest itself in the other's countenance.

"You mistake me, sir, you insult me very bad in the cafe where my friends saw it."

"You, sir," answered Tom, "insulted me without the least provocation, and I have returned it; that's all."

At this moment the door opened, and Captain Clinton entered the room, accompanied by a French officer.

"Now," continued Tom, as soon as the door was again closed, "what's done can't be helped; so what are you going to do about it?"

"Do?" reiterated the Frenchman. "You must fight."

"Must fight eh? Well, that's cool!"

"We will go to the cafe this moment."

"Do you fight in the cafe?"

"Yes; we shall find a place at the Cafe de Guerre."

"Well," said Tom, with the utmost sang froid, "if you want to fight, you had better go and take it alone."

"You mean not to fight!"

"Why, I've got nothing to fight for."

"Ah, Monsieur! You call insult nothing, eh?—Yankee coward!"

All eyes were turned at once upon Tom Wallace, and his appearance plainly told that the game was up. The hot blood rushed to his face, and the big veins about his neck and temples swelled almost to bursting, while his hands were clenched like a smith's vice, and the quivering of his colorless lips and working muscles, revealed a lion within that had been roused from his rest. Under other circumstances, he would have struck his taunting adversary to the floor; but he at length mastered his feelings, and turning to the young English traveler, he said:—

"Captain Clinton, my name is Wallace. Will you attend me to the cafe? My rank is far below your own, but under present circumstances, with your own permission, I shall not hesitate to accept the offer you made me a short time since."

"A man shall not want a friend when he deserves one," replied Clinton, at the same time extending his hand, "and my services are at your command; but let the arrangements be made as soon as possible."

"Jean Mardelot," said Tom, struggling hard to keep down his rage, "you have now doubly placed the insult upon me, and both your insults are such as no gentleman would have been guilty of. Lead the way, sir."

The Cafe de Guerre is situated on the lower side of the same square upon which stands the Opera House, and thither the small party turned their steps. Back of the cafe ran out a long gallery, used for fencing and pistol shooting, and to this room the enraged Frenchman led the way.

"Now, sir," said Mardelot, "what are your weapons?"

"I want a cutlass that weighs at least six pounds."

"Extend it!" asked the astonished officer, turning to Tom's second, and seeming to doubt that he had heard rightly. "Six livres? Mon Dieu, il ne saut pas ce qu'il veut!"

"You have understood him rightly," replied the Englishman; "he knows perfectly well what he asks."

Jean Mardelot would have chosen the light sword, or rapier, but he had to give in, and a pair of stout, metal-bladed cutlasses were procured. The weapons were about twenty-seven inches in length, double-edged and sharp, weighing between five and six pounds each. With this weapon Tom Wallace felt at home, for on board his own ship he was considered the most expert cutlass player among the crew; but the mode of operating which is practiced was one peculiarly his own, and generally went by the name of the "old sledge game."

Its movement was awkward in the extreme, but at the same time calculated to prove very deceptive to the stranger, consisting of a series of gymnastic manipulations not very unlike the Irishman's mode of handling his 'darling sprig.'

"Do you understand these weapons?" asked the Frenchman, as he carefully balanced his cutlasses and took his position.

"I understand my own game, and you can play yours," replied Tom, as he cast a look of defiance at his antagonist; "but look out for your fingers."

"Come on, then!"

No sooner were the words spoken than Tom crossed the opposite weapon, and then, with a sweeping flourish which took the other by surprise, he brought a back stroke, so quick and powerful, that the Frenchman's cutlass went flying to the extremity of the room, and as it struck with a loud ring, our hero quietly remarked—

"Go, pick it up, sir."

When Mardelot again came to the mark, the fire of his eye told plainly that he had set his soul to the task, and Clinton whispered—

"He's after you, Wallace; be careful!"

This time the Frenchman held his weapon with a firmer grip, and Tom soon found that he had to deal with a man who was not easily fooled; yet he had a decided advantage, for he was stronger than Mardelot, and could handle the heavy cutlass with more force. At length, while Mardelot was vainly endeavoring to work in a pe-

culiar thrust, Tom commenced his favorite game—the regular bluff—and as his cutlass began to describe its infinitesimal arcs and triangles, his adversary actually recoiled, before the lightning flashes of the swiftly sweeping blade, and for an instant his point dropped. The eagle eye of our Yankee caught the movement, and down came the flat of the ponderous blade, like a discharged thunderbolt, upon the head of Monsieur Jean Mardelot.

"There, sir," said Tom, turning to the French second, as his adversary settled upon the floor like a skunk-cracked ox, "you'd better put le Acier Jean to bed as soon as possible, for I think he is troubled with a severe headache."

"Bravo! bravo!" shouted Captain Clinton, as he seized our hero's hand. "That was nobly done; you must sup with me to-night."

"But, sir," suggested Tom, "I am only a petty officer in the United States Navy, and you, sir, are a captain. I'm afraid I've already got myself into hot water."

"Never mind that," returned Clinton. "If I were on duty it would be another thing; and as to there being any trouble springing from this, you need not fear, for the quarrel was all of his own seeking. But you must sup with me—so come along."

Tom Wallace did sup with an English cavalry captain; and in two days afterwards the French steamer "le Tonnerre" went to sea minus her third lieutenant, which individual was laid up at the hospital with a seriously cracked skull, and in all probability ruminating, that is, if his brain was clear—upon the standard value of French heads when brought within the range of a six pound Yankee cutlass.

SALMON FISHING, AND HOW TO HOOK 'EM.

A paragraph has been going the rounds, giving the description of a ten hours' tussle some gentlemen in England had with a 40 lbs salmon in the river Nees. The salmon was hooked at about 6 P. M., and although his captor was an accomplished piscator, he could not master his rushes or get him to the grass; he, however, with great determination and skill, fought the fish for ten good hours, and the greater part of those weary hours during the darkness of night. It was not until ten o'clock the next morning that the fish succeeded in breaking away, and then by an accident on the part of the plucky angler; the fish made a sudden and determined rush, and the line, most unfortunately, getting round some part of the angler's person, the salmon broke away. He deserved his fish, and it is hoped he will soon hook just such another, and kill him. When you have a heavy fish on your line, if you have not a heavy rod and enormously strong tackle, the fish will do what he likes with you; you feel powerless, and all you have to do is to follow the fish wherever he goes. To exemplify the case, let any man hook a fresh run fifteen pound salmon, with a trout fly, fine tackle, and single handed trout rod, and see what he can do with the fish. If he is a cool and expert angler, and has plenty of room, he may kill the salmon; but it will be a work of time. At first he will be as wily as a cat; he will lead you, follow where he leads, and for a time he hardly needs the restraint. At length he begins to know that he is restrained, and his fury commences. If you can make him fight fast, and exert himself for some minutes, you may get him a little weary, and coax him near enough to get a gaff into him; but the chances are he sulks; if so, you might have as long a job before you as the gentleman above mentioned, and with the same result.

A big fish cannot be restrained by force, and a forty pound fish on an ordinary salmon rod and tackle must be most gently handled to be brought to gaff. The largest fish sulk the most, and when they do rush, their power is so great that it is all but impossible to resist them.

You can do is to follow where they go, keeping a steady strain on him down the stream. The first object with a big fish is not to aggravate him; play him very light, and he will often permit you to gently guide him to some place where you have directed your attendant to take his stand gaff in hand. You then gently drop the fish down the stream to the gaff, and the fish is out of the water before he has begun to fight; if he is pricked by the gaff, or frightened, then your work is cut out for some time—you may not get another chance for an hour. He will rush when he has strength, or a good chance of breaking you, or he will get into some eddy or hole and lie like a stone; to move him is often impossible with any safety. An expert with the gaff, says:—

I was fishing the other day, and hooked a fourteen pound cock fish; a friend was with me who had never killed a salmon. After the fish had taken his first rush, I offered the rod to my friend, that he might have the satisfaction of killing a salmon. He is a good trout fisher, and played the fish very coolly and well, but the fish commenced boring down stream and fighting for a very dangerous place. I therefore took the gaff, and going some distance down the stream, laid myself down on a rock, and told my friend to drop the fish down if possible, close to the side of the rock where I lay. I had a long gaff, some five feet in the handle. As the fish was dropped down to me I watched the line; and knowing I had about two yards of single gut on my twisted cast, I could judge by the depth the cast was in the water the position of the fish. I waited until the fish was directly opposite me. Judging the depth the fish was in the water and his position by the line, I put my gaff down behind the twisted gut line to the depth I supposed the fish to be, and struck across, and up, towards me. I had the fish; but he was so powerful that, when I struck, I had to use very considerable force to bring him up to the surface, and was obliged to call my friend to drop the rod and take the gaff, so as to haul the fish up on the rocks, as I could not rise from my position with the fish struggling on the gaff. The fish was safely landed, and proved to be a fine cock fish of about 14 lbs. He was gaffed in about five feet of water without my seeing him, and before he had begun to show his strength. I have gaffed many large fish in the same way in deep water, without seeing the fish; and when any one gets hold of a large fish in a bad place, which is likely to prove a troublesome customer, I recommend them to try the experiment.

"THAT'S WHAT'S THE MATTER!"—We have at last found the origination of this popular phrase, clipped from an exchange; it is too good to keep—"A friend of ours who had been about all summer, returning a few days since, called upon an estimable lady friend. He was surprised to find her confined to a sick bed. After the first salutations were over, our friend remarked, "Why, Mrs. — I am very sorry to find you ill—what is the matter?" Quickly reaching over to the back of the bed, the invalid turned down the coverlid, disclosing a beautiful infant, wrapped in the embrace of the rosy god, and said triumphantly, "That's what's the matter!"

HORSES.—The number of horses in the world is estimated at about 27,000,000; of this number the United States have 5,000,000. The general estimate has been eight to ten horses in Europe for every hundred inhabitants.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1862.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WM. H., Cambridge, Mass.—As we have repeatedly stated, no horse ever ran a mile in one minute. Reports have obtained currency that Flying Childers had accomplished that extraordinary performance, but there is no evidence in support of such reports. Childers was regarded as the swiftest horse of his day, and is recorded as having made the Long Course, at Newmarket, in seven minutes and thirty seconds. This course was said to be four miles and 880 yards. Lexington, at New Orleans, ran four miles in seven minutes nineteen and three quarter seconds. We can find no authentic record of better time than this.

P. CUSHMAN, Cleveland.—Your communication can be inserted only as an advertisement. We are at all times willing to accommodate the profession; but in business matters between managers and people, criminalizations and recriminations, if they are brought before the public, should be made public through our advertising department. If we should give your communication, the other party would claim space for a rejoinder, and so on till one or the other "became exhausted."

C. ADAMS, Fort Covington.—If you are satisfied that C and M were really entitled to the points which they had neglected to score, then it follows that A and B have no cause of complaint regarding the lone hand which followed. The game should be watched, whether points are scored or not. If C made four points on his lone hand, then he and his partner are out.

R. ESTABROOK, San Francisco, Cal.—A dispute, having arisen between some parties here, on a pugilistic subject, I have been chosen to address you, and ask your decision on the disputed question. It is this—did or did not John C. Heenan issue a challenge to fight Morrissey, after the Boy returned from England? ... He did not.

SABANAC.—Mr. John Brougham undertook a season of management at the old Bowers during the year 1856. He endeavored to inculcate a refined dramatic taste among the Bowers habitués, "but they would not;" and at the close of his season Mr. Brougham gave up the Bowers and its "illegitimate" patrons, as they were termed.

MONIE, B. Rue Coquillière, à Paris.—Nous sommes bien honoré avec votre confiance. Votre fils, Gustave Bidaux, sa porte bien, et il se livre avec rapidité dans son profession. Soyez vous tranquille, Madame. Quant à lui, il faut voyager beaucoup, s'occuper de ses affaires. C'est assez propre, si vous lui adressez au sein de notre bureau, à New York.

JAMES QUINN, Manchester, England.—It is too true; your son was killed in battle. He got shot through the head at the battle of Seven Fines, on Saturday, May 31, and expired immediately. His death is universally lamented, for none knew him but to like him, and a more honest, noble young fellow never breathed. Please accept our warmest sympathies in your sad bereavement.

S. P. Q.—George Christy was in partnership with Mr. Wood for a short time, after the former left E. P. Christy. They gave their entertainments at 44 Broadway. We have no knowledge regarding the terms upon which the partnership was based.

REVIEW, Toronto, C. W.—In 1789, in the race for the St. Leger, the Duke of Hamilton's, by Lord out of Moorport, ridden by Mangle, came in first, but a jostle having been proved against his rider, the race was given to Lord Fitzwilliam's Pewee.

M. E. W., Chicopee, Mass.—We shall make inquiry about the gentleman, and "when found make a note" of him in our "Theatrical Record," most probably under the classification of "Miscellaneous."

JOHN BENSON, St. Louis.—At the great exhibition given in Jones' Wood, after Heenan's return from England, Charley Ottigton set-to with the Boy. Morrissey took no part in the proceedings.

ANXIOUS, Philadelphia, Pa.—About the best, and the only course we know of for you to pursue to realize a permanent benefit, is to go into a thorough course of training under some competent trainer.

COPERNICUS, St. Louis.—The riot at the Astor Place Opera House took place on the date you specify. Its "whys and wherefores" have never been fully explained, and we cannot assist you in that subject of inquiry.

TWENTY-SECOND STREET.—You appear to need a first-class physician. We can put you on the track if you give us your name and address.

F. H. PAGE, Denver City, Col. Ter.—You will find all to be desired in the CLIPPER Pictorial just forwarded, except "rules of the different race tracks," which we haven't got.

LIEUT. J. C. T. Boliver, Tenn.—All Yours.—Two players being sent to the Bowers, and one to the Bowers, goes out before the one we know of a customer at present. You might dispose of them by advertising, doubtless.

SHAKESPEARE, Cincinnati.—We are already supplied by good friends in your city. The "mistakes" you speak of are evidently "mixed up" by yourself.

J. ST. C., Springfield.—We should not like "to pop the question" to the lady, and we cannot answer from our own knowledge-box.

F. B., West 32d street, N. Y.—Each party is supposed to have the same chance of posting him nicely, therefore the objection to the "sure thing" will not hold good, and the bet must stand.

ENGLISH READER, Liverpool, Eng.—Tom Hyer never fought a prize fight with Morrissey. Hyer's only battles in the prize ring were with Country McClester and Yankee Sullivan.

L. DEGO, U. S. Ship Potomac, Pensacola.—Whatever was said about you, or the authorship of the piece, was derived from the correspondence of one of your ship-mates.

TOM TUG.—Twenty-two persons were killed during the Astor Place Opera House riots, and between thirty and forty wounded. He married an English lady named Sinclair.

A., Quebec.—Tom Hyer obtained the belt and championship when he defeated the Tipton Slasher. 2. John Morrissey never fought a prize fight in England.

PRINTED DEVIL, Baltimore.—Broadway runs north and south while our numbered streets run east and west.

INQUIRE.—The lady was married before, but obtained a divorce.

ALL FORKS.—He does not lose the deal, for that would deprive the elder hand of his bag.

BOWERY BOY.—The tray, being the lowest card played, counts out before Jack.

U. S. S., Galena.—R. B. is mistaken, the members of the New York Fire Department are not paid.

RICHIE, Buffalo.—We can answer better when we shall have seen a specimen of your abilities.

J. MATT, Philadelphia.—A customer may probably be had when it is known that a deposit is up.

GEO. S., Dayton, O.—Thank you. That's a pretty true bill recorded against the bombastic Villifier of McClellan.

C. S. C., Toronto.—The mails from California to New York, via the isthmus, seldom reach here under 22 days.

BLACKSMITH, Milwaukee.—It was Con Quinn, not Penny Horgan, that was killed in one of the late battles on the Peninsula.

M. A. M., Portland, Me.—Address O. S. Rooback, 575 Broadway, New York.

LINEX, Manchester, N. H.—M. was entitled to the point for turning up Jack.

INQUIRE, N. Y.—The fight between Yankee Sullivan and Tom Hyer, took place on February 7, 1849. 2. In Philadelphia.

H. F. S., Philadelphia.—O. dead.

C. J., Philadelphia.—We have occasional letters from your city.

G. L. H., Cincinnati.—See answer to Shakespeare.

VARD, Philadelphia.—Thanks for items.

T. LLOYD.—Lola Montez is dead.

CURS.—You have seen and heard those little dogs that never do any more mischief than that made by a constant barking, and snapping, haven't you? They are a harmless breed, are these curs, and yet their noise is sometimes very annoying. Well, we have a lot of two-legged curs in this city, and though they can do no harm, yet they keep up such an incessant barking at Gen. McClellan that the thing is becoming quite a nuisance; and if persisted in much longer, the ladies will take the curs in hand, and see that they are put where their barking cannot be heard by good and loyal citizens. We thought Gen. McClellan's late successes in driving the rebels out of Maryland had likewise driven his assailants out of New York, but they seem to have had a little abolition pay administered to them, which has partially revived the curses, and put them on the track of our young commander, again. Some of these chaps would be torn out, to oblige them, if their offices were at all comestable, but to get at the mischievous devils, some of our patriotic and loyal citizens would have to suffer, and this would never do. The army boys are having an eye on McClellan's enemies, and a day of retribution will come when they least expect it.

"HOW ARE YOU, SOMER?"—We are glad to learn that our old friend William Matthews, late of the police force, has been appointed Orderly Sergeant in Company A, Captain Silvey, Second Regiment Metropolitan Brigade. Matthews was a good officer, and well up in his business, ergo he will make a good soldier. We expect to be able, ere long, to chronicle some of his valorous deeds among the rebels. Who comes next?

BIG THING ON TURF.—The wire pullers of the turf appear determined to put money in their own purses, not the purses that are said to be trotted for—please keep the two ideas separate in your thinking cannon—during the present week, and have got up a programme that is to take down all creation including the F. data. On Monday, a little thing was fixed to come off on the Union Course, between "anamies" respectively fathered by Jupiter, Ethan Allen and Eureka. For Tuesday, a stallion trot is quoted for the Fashion Course between the stallions Shepherd F. Knapp, and Henry Clay, for \$2500, but we rather guess the amount will stand "cyphering down;" and the same remark will apply to the "go" on the 8th between graceful Bob Fillingham and General Butler, for \$3000. Lanet and Bookingham also foot it on the Union Course, for a purse, on Friday the 10th inst. We sincerely hope they're on the square; while we caution "greenies" to beware.

THE WAR.—All is quiet along our lines; but it may be the calm that precedes the storm. We hope soon to have the gratification of recording the capture of Charleston, South Carolina, the most God-forsaken spot on the face of this continent. Here it was that this accursed and murderous rebellion had its birth; here it was that the traitors plotted their mischief and schemes, and made war upon their brethren of the North—a war which has already resulted in the death, by disease and battle, of nearly a hundred thousand men, and the maiming of as many more. Let there be no blunders this time. If it is intended to attack Charleston, let it be done effectually. Let the accursed spot be wiped out altogether. But for Charleston, South Carolina, no civil strife would have sent its blighting influence over the land. Be ready to exult at the down-fall of the hot-bed of treason.

DEATH OF A FAMOUS CHESS PLAYER.—Jas. A. Leonard, the young chess star, whose future career as a blindfold player, or player at sight, promised to be of the brightest description, is we are sorry to learn, now numbered among the dead, having departed this life on September 26, at Annapolis, Md., of scorbutic diarrhea; contracted no doubt, under the ill treatment received while in the dungeons of the rebels, from whence he had but recently been released as an exchanged prisoner. Mr. Leonard was a young man of an intellectual turn of mind, and was much thought of in chess circles. A specimen of his skill is published in our chess column this week, and thus has another patriotic "mud sill" of the North fallen a victim to this diabolical and unnatural rebellion.

THE SCULPTOR ACTRESS.—In a recent Cincinnati paper appears a notice convening a meeting of students at the house of T. D. Jones, Esq., the well-known sculptor. This is the gentleman in whose studio Adah Isaacs Menken became noted as a sculptor. He has a magnificent bust in marble of Adah which was exhibited in the above city for many months. We've not had the pleasure of examining it, but the other day were shown a photograph of the statue, and judge it to be a very correct piece of workmanship. Why can't we have the same on show here? If added to some of our galleries of sculpture and painting, it would have thousands of visitors and prove quite an attraction. Who takes the cue.

ROUGH.—Our Western friends are rather severe on the recent Horse Show held at Chicago, the failure of which we have before alluded to. The Dayton, Ohio, *Empire* is particularly "loud" on the management of the Chicago Fair, and says:—

These swindling fairs were barely tolerable in time of profound peace and unbounded prosperity. Now that we are engaged in a struggle for National Existence, they should not be permitted to be held. The fellows who originate these shows are constantly scheming how they may pick the pockets of the public; and whenever they commit the "overt act" of setting a trap to rob the people, they should be arrested and imprisoned, or—if thought best—put to work among other contrabands upon the intrenchments of our army.

THE ABOVE SHOW WAS PLAYED ON SATURDAY, THE 4TH INST., and attracted, we are informed, a numerous and fashionable array of male and female spectators, who were well repaid for their time by witnessing one of the most exciting games ever played, resulting in a victory for the Olympic by one run only, the score at the close standing, Olympic 19, Athletic 18.

DECIDEDLY UNFAIR.—What the parties persist in calling a Horse Fair, but which is decidedly unfair, and a humbug, is about to be played on the citizens of Hartford, Ct., in a similar manner to that which marked the Chicago affair. As the same parties again "rule the roost," what is blatantly termed, "The Second National Horse Fair," will, doubtless, prove a second horse failure. Let the people of Hartford take warning.

THANKSGIVING.—Thursday, November 27th, has been fixed upon by the Governor of this State, for the usual annual thanksgiving. We are pleased that our holidays are not to be passed over and forgotten during the prevalence of war's alarms, for they are good institutions, and we should have more of them. Thanksgiving Day is considered as the last of the season for ball games, so let the boys make the best use of their time ere it closes.

A BRAVE TYP.—Many of our contemporaries have boasted of the numbers enlisted for the war from their establishments; this is "not at all in our line," but we must mention our late compositior, JOHN SARGENT, FITZMAURICE, who volunteered with the 71st Regiment, N. Y. S. M., when they first went for three months, and was at the battle of Bull Run, where he distinguished himself. At the second call for three months men, he again volunteered with his old regiment. We are pleased to announce that he has now enlisted for the war in Company F, Second Regiment Cavalry Brigade. He is now addressed as Sergeant, and we hope ere long to hail him as Captain, at least.

LIBERAL.—Collections are being made at the various turf meetings in England, to relieve the necessities of the starving poor in Lancashire. Among other donors, we observe the name of Mr. R. Ten Broeck, the American Turfite, credited with £25, or \$125.

CHOCQUET.—This is the appellation for a new game just brought out in England, and is said to be very popular, particularly with the ladies. O. F. A. Hinrichs, No. 150 Broadway, has imported the necessary implements, so that we may expect soon to see the ladies croquet as well as croquet heretofore.

IS IT RIGHT?—The *Police Gazette* of Sept. 27, transfers to its columns our whole article about the London Argyle Rooms written expressly for this paper by our correspondent, E. J., without credit, except that they got it from a contemporary.

THE CHAMPION SCULLER.—Elsewhere we publish Josh Ward's career, as sent by a correspondent. Read it.

ED. JAMES' REJOINDER TO ED. BERRY.

DEAR FRANK.—In the London *Illustrated Sporting News* of Sept. 13, is copied a communication from Ed. Berry from the CLIPPER of the 30th August, giving me particular fits, which on reading don't make me feel particularly good—it was about Jack Langan, the Irish Champion, correcting some mistakes it was my misfortune to make, not with the intention of perverting facts, though I may have been misinformed. Ed. Berry must have noticed the letter was not given on mere speculation, but as received from the lips of Mr. Howard, (Paddy Kelly) of Bell's Life, whose father employed Langan as carter for many years; that gentleman was my authority for every item, and I gave the same, thinking it might be acceptable to your readers—at the same time hoping other little incidents would be forthcoming and any errors be corrected. It seems either I have been misinformed, or Mr. Howard knows nothing about the man, or Ed. Berry is a little too enthusiastic about it. As Ed. claims many years acquaintance with the brave sculler, and may possibly have been head warbler for Jack at some time or other, which would enable him to know all about the man, I won't attempt an argument. Presuming Mr. Berry all right and Paddy Kelly all wrong, (at least until somebody else has a put in) I cannot do more than return my sincere and hearty thanks to Ed. for his very sharp and interesting letter. There's nothing like having things correct if possible, and I shall always feel obliged for any similar answers I may receive. I have been misinformed, or Mr. Howard knows nothing about the man, or Ed. Berry is a little too enthusiastic about it. As Ed. claims many years acquaintance with the brave sculler, and may possibly have been head warbler for Jack at some time or other, which would enable him to know all about the man, I won't attempt an argument. 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BALL-PLAY.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

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SEVENTH YEAR OF THE ORIGINAL WORLD-RENOVED BRYANT'S MINSTRELS.
THE EXCELSIOR TROUPE OF THE WORLD.
 The Company is composed of the following talented Artists:—
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SHER C. CAMPBELL, BOLIN HOWARD,
NELSON SEYMOUR, G. W. H. GRIFFIN,
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G. A. CONNERS, G. W. CHARLES, J. W. HILTON,
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FRANK LESLIE, LITTLE MAC.
GRAND RE-OPENING.
 In a new variety of Songs, Dances, Burlesques, Plantation Songs, &c., &c. For Particulars see bills of the day.
 Tickets 25 cents. 20-47

MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & TROWBRIDGE'S

OPERA HOUSE, BOSTON, MASS.
 This popular establishment will
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 MONDAY EVENING, AUGUST 12.
MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & TROWBRIDGE'S MINSTRELS
 Consist of the following Gentlemen:
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BILLY MORRIS, N. LOTHIAN,
JOHNNY PELL, R. M. CARROLL,
J. C. TROWBRIDGE, J. QUEEN,
E. W. PRESBOTT, J. WILMARTHE,
J. L. GILBERT, R. FREDERICKS,
J. P. KENDERS, J. J. HILLIARD,
AUGUST SCHNEIDER, D. J. MAGUINNIS,
D. W. BOARDMAN, L. A. ZWISLER.
 The Management call particular notice to the above distinguished array of Talent.
 Tickets 25 cents; Reserved Seats 50 cents.
 22-47 LON MORRIS, Manager.

THE NEW TROUPE OF STARS.

ARLINGTON & DONNIKER'S MINSTRELS.
 This Troupe consists of the very best
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 And in introducing their entertainments, the Managers beg to assure the Public that every energy will be used to make it worthy the patronage of their friends and all lovers of ARTISTIC MINSTRELSY.
 and that no expense has been or will be spared to make this the
NE PLUS ULTRA
 OF ETHIOPIAN ENTERTAINMENTS.
 The Company comprises the following Gentlemen:—
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E. KELLY, MASTER LEON,
A. JONES, WM. SPAULDING,
WM. H. BROCKWAY, O. H. CARTER,
WM. H. BUTLER, FRED SPORR,
S. PRICE, MASTER DUMONT,
WM. C. DAVIS, CHAS. S. WOOD.
CHAS. S. WOOD, Agent and Business Manager. 21-47

CAMPBELL MINSTREL TROUPE.

Lessee and Manager, CHAS. A. MORNINGSTAR.
 Stage Manager, CON MURPHY.
 Musical Director, FRANK BERGER.
 The Company consists of the following talented Artists:—
S. S. PURDY, W. E. MANNING,
JOE MAIRS, CON MURPHY,
J. W. SMITH, FRANK M. BERGER,
J. H. STOUT, CHAS. SANFORD,
FRANK ANGELO, SIGNOR ANGELO,
DAN M. HOLT, RICHARD ARNOLD,
J. H. PASERELLI, ALPH BISHOP,
W. R. GRIFFIN, SIGNOR SUBRONI,
MISS FRANK CHRISTIE.
GEO. K. BENTLEY, Business Agent. 25-47

VARIETIES THEATRE.

LATE ST. LOUIS OPERA HOUSE.
 After a most successful season of eight and a half months, is now open with the following Company:
MISS LOUISA WELLS, MISS LIZZY WALBY,
MISS M. DREW, MISS LIDA HIBBARD,
MISS C. MORLEY, MISS ROSE DE LUCE,
MISS FANNY THOMPSON, MISS MINNIE LANIER,
EDWARD BERRY, E. N. SLOCUM, J. BARNEY,
ROM CONY, J. CONKLIN, GEO. KERMINE,
WM. R. DEER, P. COMBLIN, J. JEROME, W. KEEVE.
 A LARGE BALLET TROUPE.
 Ballet Master, SIGNOR C. CONSTANTINE.
 Leader of Orchestra, J. CONKLIN.
 Scenic Artist, THOS. NOXON.
 EDWARD BERRY, Stage Manager.
 These, with many minor members constitute
 A MONSTER COMPANY.
 Who are nightly drawing crowded houses to witness their
 CHASTE AND BRILLIANT PERFORMANCES.
 THE VARIETIES
 IS THE LARGEST AND MOST COMFORTABLE
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 Parties of acknowledged excellence desiring engagements, may
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 THE ONLY FIRST CLASS PLACE OF AMUSEMENT IN
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 THE LARGEST AND BEST COMPANY IN THE WEST.
 THE BEST ORCHESTRA IN THE WEST.
 THE MOST COMPLETE STAGE AND SCENERY.
 All the prominent Stars of the Concert Halls treated with on
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 This new and commodious Hall, just completed, is unsurpassed for Exhibitions, Concerts, Lectures, Fairs, Parties, &c., and is the largest Hall in Western New York. It has connected with it, Suites of Rooms for dressing and dining purposes, together with other modern improvements, and will be rented at prices that will induce the public to prove its acoustic properties, which are pronounced unrivalled.
 Address JABEZ COLLINS, Rochester, N. Y., corner Main and Clinton streets, or A. E. FULLER, Agent. 16-3m

BOWERY THEATRE, ST. LOUIS, MO.

J. E. ESHER, Proprietor.
 CHARLEY LEWIS, Stage Manager.
 The following Ladies and Gentlemen are now performing at this Establishment:
MISS SALLIE MASON, J. T. BOYCE,
MISS THEO. THOMPSON, CHARLEY LEWIS,
MISS LEONORA, J. C. CAMPBELL,
NELLIE CLIFFORD, EDWARD ORPEN,
JULIA CLIFFORD, and
OBENRIER'S SILVER CORNET BAND.
 Ladies and Gentlemen applying will address
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 Pay particular attention to getting up all kinds of
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 For travelling companies, and have on hand a large and splendid assortment of large and small
WOOD CUTS
 Suitable for Circuses, Menageries, Ethiopian Performers, Gymnasts, Magicians, &c., &c., which can be printed in one or more colors, to suit customers.
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 This long established and popular place of Amusement continues under the same Management that for 13 years of assiduous attention to the comfort and convenience of its patrons, has won for it the reputation of being one of the most popular and best conducted places of Amusement in the State.
 Apply personally, or by letter, to
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BALTIMORE MELODEON.

First class Performers of all kinds can secure good engagements, by applying to
 ALBERT LEA, Manager and Proprietor Melodeon.
 N. B. I will pay more salary to good Performers than any other Concert Saloon Manager in America. 21-47

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Suitable for Side Shows or Dramatic Company—60 feet in diameter. Address
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 Opposite the St. Nicholas Hotel.
HENRY WOOD, Sole Proprietor and Manager.
INCREASED ATTRACTION.
INTENSE EXCITEMENT.
 TO WITNESS THE
INCOMPARABLE PERFORMANCE
 OF
WOOD'S MINSTRELS.
THE GREAT STAR TROUPE OF THE WORLD.
 MONDAY, OCTOBER 8.
 And every evening during the week,
A MAMMOTH PROGRAMME.
EPH HORN, CHARLEY FOX, FRANK BROWER,
COOL WHITE, R. ABECCO, C. HENRY,
H. PERCY, FLORENCE, J. GARATAGUA,
ISAACS, Bro., E. HASLAM, M. LEWIS,
LEIS, GLENN, SCHWICARDI, &c.
 In NEW ACTS, SONGS, AND DANCES.
 Othello; The Broadway Belle; Joe Cook's Sunnyside; Our African Cousins; Robinson Crusoe, &c., &c.
 Doors open at 6½; commence at 7½ o'clock. Admission 25 cents.
 No connection with any other Troupe assuming the name of Wood's Minstrels. 26

NIBLO'S GARDEN.

Lessee and Manager, WM. WHEATLEY.
TRIUMPHANT COMMENCEMENT
 OF THE
FALL AND WINTER SEASON.
EDWIN FORREST
 IN HIS
GREAT CHARACTERS.
 MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY,
 and FRIDAY.
MR. HACKETT,
 THE
SHAKESPEAREAN COMEDIAN,
 TUESDAY ON SATURDAY. 25-

FOX'S RAVEL TROUPE.

This Celebrated and Talented Company, whose brilliant success in all the large Cities the Press and the Public acknowledge, commenced a TWO WEEKS ENGAGEMENT at the
FRONT STREET THEATRE, BALTIMORE,
 Monday, Sept. 22.
 The Troupe includes the following Artists:
A. M. HERNANDEZ,
 The Famous Pantomimist and Musician.
MONS. E. VELARDE,
 The Best Dancer in America.
MONS. P. BERGER,
 The Celebrated Pantomimist.
MR. B. YATES,
 The Celebrated Character Dancer.
M. JACKSON HAINES,
 The Wonderful Shater.
MR. J. PILGRIM,
 The Popular Comedian.
MR. W. DULANEY,
 The Eminent Pantomimist.
MONS. P. RAVEL,
 The Celebrated Pantomimist.
M'LE MARIE ZOE,
 The Beautiful and Accomplished Danseuse.
M'LE GERALDINE,
 The Young and Graceful Danseuse.
M'LE C. CLIFFORD, M'LE LANE,
M'LE JENNY, M'LE FLORENCE,
M'LE ADAME, and M'LE MURRIE,
 And Talented
CORPS DE BALLET.
JAMES PILGRIM, Business Manager. 25-

METROPOLITAN THEATRE.

Montgomery street, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
THOMAS MAGUIRE, Proprietors and Managers.
J. B. BOOTH, Stage Manager.
GEO. G. EVANS, Musical Conductor.
 PRICES OF ADMISSION.
 Dress Circle, \$1; Orchestra Seats, \$1.
 Parquet, 50c; Second Circle, 25c; Market Space, 25c.
 Box Office open from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. Seats secured three days in advance.
 *Stars visiting California should remember that Mr. Maguire is also proprietor of Maguire's Opera House, and Hayes' Park, San Francisco; the Metropolitan Theatre, Sacramento and Marysville. 16-47

GAYETY MUSIC HALL, ALBANY.

Sole Lessee and Proprietor, COL. HARRY HOWARD.
 Stage Manager, JAMES CAMPBELL.
 Scenic Artist, GEORGE WILLIAMS.
 Property Maker, JOHN ROBERTS.
 Leader of Orchestra, J. G. GRESHAM.
 The only place of Amusement in the City.
 The following Ladies and Gentlemen are now performing at this Establishment:
LA PETITE STELLA, B. STEVENS,
MISS ANNIE GREY, JAMES CAMPBELL,
LIZZIE GREY, MAST. DELEHANTY,
LIZZIE CROMWELL, J. C. ROCHFORD,
MINNIE ROBERTS, J. ROBERTS,
SIG. ABIDJAH, MR. MORAN,
SAMUEL CHESTNUT.
 Ladies and Gentlemen applying will please address
 26- COL. HARRY HOWARD, Box 946, P. O., Albany.

NATIONAL THEATRE, BOSTON—MISS KATE FISHER

is playing a Star Engagement at this Theatre, and as usual, has made a hit. She has appeared in many of her popular characters, in all of which she has achieved success. This Theatre, which for the first time in its history—and it is believed the history of Boston Theatres—has been open under the same Theatrical Management during the whole Summer, has rapidly become a favorite, and has again taken its old place as the
"THEATRE OF THE PEOPLE."
 As its audience is composed of the severest of critics, the "critics of the people," who consider MISS FISHER'S success a decided proof of her artistic skill; she is supported by a fine Melodramatic Company, consisting, among others, of Mr. MARSTON, Mr. and Miss BONIFACE, Mr. BIDWELL, and many other first rate Artists. The Theatre itself has been entirely renovated, and is one of the most, if not the most popular place of resort in that City. 25-37

MELODEON CONCERT HALL.

No. 123 Water street,
 MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN.
JOHN E. SIEGERTSON, Proprietor.
D. W. COLLINS, Stage Manager.
CHARLEY ABECCO, Musical Director.
 Open every Evening.
FIRST CLASS COMPANY.
 Performers of acknowledged ability wishing engagements will please address as above. 26-18

CANTERBURY HALL.

THE MODEL CONCERT HALL OF THE WORLD.
 The Company now engaged at this popular place is
 ONE OF THE BEST IN AMERICA.
 Ladies and Gentlemen of acknowledged ability wishing engagements will address
 GEO. PERCIVAL & Co., Washington, D. C. 26-18

LIBERTY HALL, Alexandria, Va.

Under the same Management.
 All business letters for both places must be directed to Washington, D. C. 26-87

PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE.

LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND.
 This truly elegant and very beautiful theatre is kept open during the whole of the year.
 of acknowledged position and talent negotiated with, for long or short engagements, as mutual interests may require.
 Address, ALEX. HENDERSON,
 Sole Lessee and Proprietor. 46-47

CALIFORNIA THEATRICAL AGENCY, SHERIDAN CORBYN

would respectfully inform members of the dramatic, musical, or equestrian professions, that he has established an Agency in San Francisco, and is prepared to negotiate engagements and transact all other business pertaining to the profession. Address SHERIDAN CORBYN, San Francisco, Cal. N. B.—All letters requiring answers must contain a stamp to pre-pay the same. 46-6m

ATHENS, COLUMBUS, OHIO.

This Theatre has undergone extensive alterations and improvements. All first class performances, Concerts, &c., can rent it for nights, or play on shares, by addressing
 JOHN A. ELLISLER, Academy of Music, Cleveland, Ohio. 24-

TO THE PROFESSION.—WANTED, a full first class Company, for a season, at the Academy of Music, Providence, R. I.

Ladies and Gentlemen of acknowledged ability, please make immediate application, stating lowest terms.
 C. M. MYERS, What Cheer Dining Rooms, Providence, R. I. 25-37

AGAIN IN THE FIELD

WITH EIGHTEEN BRILLIANT STARS.
THE GIANT MINSTREL TROUPE OF THE PROFESSION.
ENLARGED AND IMPROVED FOR 1882 AND '83.
 Stage Manager, J. E. GREEN.
 Vocal Director, GUSTAVE BIDAUX.
 Musical Director, J. K. KELK.
 Leader of Brass Band, C. LAYALLE.
EVERY MEMBER A STAR IN HIS PECULIAR LINE OF BUSINESS.
SIXTH ANNUAL TOUR.
 Commencing Oct. 6th at the Academy of Music, Providence, R. I.,
OF THE FAMOUS AND WORLD-RENOVED DUPREZ & GREEN'S
 ORIGINAL
NEW ORLEANS AND METROPOLITAN MINSTRELS
 AND BRASS BAND OF TWELVE PIECES COMBINED.
 Pronounced by the Press and the Public, to be the
 MOST COMPLETE AND EXTENSIVE TRAVELING BAND IN EXISTENCE,
 excelling and far superior to all other Companies.
 Observe the great Corps of distinguished Artists:
J. E. GREEN, GUSTAVE BIDAUX, M. AINSLEY SCOTT,
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J. K. KELK, J. KELLOGG, G. POND,
E. HOLMES, L. FABRISIAE, A. CONNAIR, W. J. EAGAN,
MAST. FLORENCE, F. ADAMS, JR., WM. D. BENNETT, GEO. DUBEAU.
 All under the Direction of **DUPREZ & GREEN.**
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 The above Talented Troupe will commence their Ninth Annual Tour, by first visiting all the principal Cities in the New England States, introducing the very
CREAM OF MINSTRELSY.
 Embracing a variety of New Burlesques, Tragedies, New Operettas, Operatic Choruses, New Eccentricities, Laughable Sayings, New Plantation Songs and Dances, Music, Fun, Frolic, Superior Singing, Mirth, Fancy Dancing, and Irresistible Comic Ethiopian Delineation, to suit the million lovers of the burnt Cork Institution.
 Agent and Business Director, A. S. PRENTISS.
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 WANTED, Two good End Men, and an excellent Flutist, who can play a good Piccolo and Brass Instrument. Direct in care of the NEW YORK CLIPPER, stating abilities and lowest terms. John H. Campbell and Jack Talbot preferred, if applying in season. 26-37

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Walnut Street, above Eighth.
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 Sole Lessee, WM. WOLF.
 OPEN EVERY EVENING.
 With a Company of Artists of Unsurpassed Excellence.
 The following are among the prominent members:
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MISS AGUSTA AND MARIE, MR. R. S. RAYMOND,
MISS SUSIE SUMMERFIELD, MR. BARRY J. CARTER,
MISS ROSA SMITH, MR. W. CLARKE,
MISS LUCY HAMDEN, MR. SOL. DAVIES,
MISS MAGGIE NICHOLS, MR. GEORGE SMITH.
 AND A CORPS DE BALLET OF 40 CORYPHAEES.
 With a numerous Corps of Auxiliaries, forming the greatest combination of unsurpassed excellence, ever congregated together within the walls of a Music Hall.
C. MCILLAN, Stage Manager.
 First class Performers desiring engagements, will please address as above. Stars liberally treated with. 26-47

SAM SHARPLEY.

THE GREAT ORIGINAL COMEDIAN.
 THE ONLY STAR ON THE ETHIOPIAN STAGE.
 Is meeting with immense success wherever he appears.
 CROWDED HOUSES EVERY NIGHT.
 He has just terminated his engagement with S. S. Sanford at SANFORD'S OPERA HOUSE, Harrisburgh, Pa.,
 and will commence at
TRIMBLE'S VARIETIES, PITTSBURGH, PA.,
 ON MONDAY EVENING, OCT. 6.
 Where all communications may be addressed during the ensuing week. 26-18

BUTLER'S LYRIC MUSIC HALL.

Late Gymnasium (opposite Market Space).
 Will open on SATURDAY EVENING, OCT. 11th, as a
FIRST CLASS MUSIC HALL.
 The Managers have leased the above Hall, and fitted it up with large Stage Scenery, and large Tier, &c.
 All the prominent Stars of the Concert Halls treated with on the most liberal terms.
 Applications must be addressed to
ROBERT BUTLER,
 Olympic Music Hall, Washington, D. C.
 Sole Lessee and Proprietors, LAKE & BUTLER. 26-24

HOOLEY'S NEW OPERA HOUSE.

BROOKLYN, COR. COURT ST. & N. STREETS.
F. N. FREDELIN, Proprietor and Manager.
GUSTAVUS PERCY, Stage Manager.
PROF. STRAUB, Musical Director.
THE MODEL TROUPE OF THE PROFESSION.
HOOLEY'S MINSTRELS.
CHARLEY NEIL, ARTHUR HUGHES,
T. R. PRENDERGAST, T. M. HAYS,
GUSTAVUS PERCY, J. W. HILTON,
GEORGE REA, GEO. WRIGHTMAN,
MASTER EDDIE, F. MCNALLY,
PROF. STRAUB, J. HEMPE,
F. WERNIG, Y. SALAMANI,
FRANK EDWARDS, J. BRYANT.
 Who will appear nightly in a grand entertainment, embracing all that can be included in the repertoire of Ethiopian Minstrelsy. For particulars, see programmes. 26-24

MAZEPPA!

The Great Actress and Equestrienne
MIS ADAM ISAACS MENKEN,
 Commences at Bates'.
NATIONAL THEATRE,
 IN CINCINNATI.
 ON MONDAY, OCTOBER 13th,
 In her World-Renowned Character of
MAZEPPA!
 Introducing her highly trained War-Horse,
BLACK EAGLE. 26-18

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

One of the most finished and beautiful structures in the West.
 Stars will please address **JOHN A. ELLISLER, Manager.** 24-

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Mitchell, A. I. Menken, E. Forrest, Caroline Richings, and all other celebrated Artists, each, or 5 for \$1. Catalogues of Photographs and Plays sent on receipt of a stamp, by W. C. WEMYSS, 575 Broadway, New York. 26-18

OUR LETTER BOX.

We have letters for Messrs. Wattle Rasher, Pic Butler, E. H. H. (Irish Comic), John Schlegler, J. Budworth, E. Vasey, John Henegar Carter, F. Hayes, R. H. Armstrong, Joseph Proctor, B. R. Maginley, and H. Doughtery.
CITY SUMMARY.
 MONDAY, Oct. 6, 1882.
 Theatres and churches are alike getting into good working order once more, for it is a fact that our pious tabernacles have over the past few seasons, just as our dramatic temples have theirs. They are closed up to escape the summer heat; ditto, ditto the churches. In the interim, the theatres are renovated, and so are the churches. The theatres re-open in the fall with a grand treat of the *de die* of fashion just returned from a sojourn at the favorite watering place. We have our star actor and our star choir. We have our blood and thunder churches and our high comedy churches. The Bible and Shakespeare are made to serve the purposes of theatres and places of spiritual worship. Some ministers quote Shakespeare as correctly as they quote scripture; and some are ignorant of both, and ascribe to the Bible what is due to Shakespeare. How many ministers of the gospel have been discoursed at length upon the text—"God tempests the wind to the shorn lamb," and yet there is no such line in the holy book. It is a quotation from Sterne's "Story of Maria." It is said that the celebrated Robert Hall chose as a text for a funeral sermon, the sentence—"In the midst of life we are in death." It is said that the mind's eye, however, and he went to his grave, but it cannot be found in the Bible. The quotation is from the Holy Book. The stage is more correct in these matters than the pulpit. Shakespeare's Hamlet affords many evidences of quotations misapplied to the Bible. So, also, may come, when here is another quotation from Shakespeare, often-times credited to the Bible. Here is a quotation from the Bible, which is frequently ascribed to other sources—"A prophet is not without from his own country and in his own house." Another, which is not strained; it drops as the gentle rain from heaven upon the place beneath: it is twice blessed, it bleareth him that

gives, and him that takes." As we said before, the poor play is more correct in his quotations than the poor preacher. The church and the play house do not differ so widely, after all. It is high-salaried preacher who is the leading man of the theatre; it is expected to do the gentle and the gentle of the low-salaried dispensers of the gospel may be set down as the "full strength of the company;" these latter get poor pay, and they give a poor preach; the church has also an abundance of "low comedy people, a fair sprinkling of 'heavy tragedians,' and an immense number of 'light comedians,' those delicate 'exponents of the truth,' whose vanity is observable in every movement, and whose chief study is, how to appear fascinating in the eyes of the 'bowed female hearers.' The distance from the pulpit to the stage is not very great, and it is not a sure bet that the former, in all cases, can show a clearer record than the latter. Thus endeth our first lesson.

"Ye that have tears to shed, prepare to shed them now." The Chatham Theatre has given place to the true march of improvement, and is now being converted into a "wonder." Yes, indeed, they can; "can such things be, and overcome us like a summer cloud, and not excite our wonder?" Yes, indeed, they can; and the wonder is that the shanty has stood so long. What a tale could its history tell! Here it was that Booth held forth in all his glory, and oftentimes gave his kingdom for a horse; here, too, that Forrest "screwed his courage to the sticking point," and that "murdered sleep," and here, too, the majestic Josephine Clifton "barred bosom to the glittering blade," and deeded "the armed legion before him?" Now, by the gods, "the new tale which that would even stop the munching of peanuts in this classic temple, and here, also, was it that Kirby gained undying honors by wrapping himself in the American flag, and dying like a patriot true. What cargoes of peanuts have been dissected, what myriads of apples dissected, in the ever-green Chatham. Talk about your old park pit. In its palmiest days it could not bear a comparison with our Chatham pit. Ah! the Chatham was the place to study life. Many of its habitués are now cold and lifeless, and many of those who walked its boards, and moved as gods in the little circle that surrounded them, now sleep the sleep that knows no waking. The "Nigger" helped to kill the Chatham. Yes, the inevitable Nigger turned up here in "Uncle Tom," and after running a good business, it calmly quieted down; and through every thing was subsequently tried to reanimate the former "name" of the house, it was no go—the scent of the nigger hung round it still, and it has been on the downward course ever since; nothing could efface the black mark. Latterly, it is said that a portion of the stage has actually been used as a stable for horses. To what base uses did it come at last. Alas! poor Chatham! Truly, it is time that its curtain was rung down, never to rise again.

Miss Eva Brent will please accept our thanks for *carte de visite* and autograph attached. Ditto, Mr. H. L. Bascumb.
 Harry Pearson's benefit of the New Bowery last Monday night, was a regular "scrounger;" we can call it nothing but a spreading out more space than the law allows. We knew it would be so, for Bryant's, Wood's, and Christy's minstrels were to appear, in addition to Mons. and M'le De Lave, Tony Pastor, Billy Quinn, and a whole army of professionals, both male and female. How could we expect such a result? When did or when shall we ever see such varied talent collected together at one time? Harry Pearson is a lucky man, indeed, to have *everybody* as his friend. Mrs. Cool White specially honored this occasion by making it the ceremony of her first appearance for many years, adding with frequent and well-merited applause. She is a very dashing and really handsome woman. One of the interesting features of the evening was the capital rendering of the "Married Scene in 'Julius Caesar' between Brutus and Cassius, with the two very clever young tragedians, the brothers Ed. S. and T. W. Keene as the representatives of this stirring and difficult role; they created quite an excitement, and will some day prove no mean rivals of the great genius whose professional name they have adopted. Eph Horn and Frank Brower played Othello and Desdemona, the CLIPPER version, (as Uncle Evan called it), and fetched the boys with that soap business. Tony Pastor sang four of his patriotic compositions, to a delighted and appreciative audience, who made Rome howl when our glorious Little Mac was brought in. The really wags who tried to make political capital by running McClellan down, have got it hot if they had showed their traitorous heads; get out, ye cowards! Mr. Cummings' Scotch song took tolerably well. Rollin Howard, Nelson Seymour, and Gettings, from Bryant's, with Billy Quinn, Masters Florence and Lewis, Ned Adams, De Lave, Nunan, Fanny Denham, &c., &c., kindly volunteered and went through with a will. George H. Hookey, gave a good idea of his former days of universal popularity in a parody on the "Piercing Fathers. We couldn't go the whole performance, but it is said the show wasn't over till near two in the morning, and that Harry cleared a good five hundred dollars worth of postage stamps. It is said he has been playing at Jarrett's Theatre, Washington.

The Niblo-Wheatley and Forrest-Hackett arrangement, at the old hay-and-water corner of Broadway and Prince street, continues to please our most fastidious as well as "fast" play-goers, notwithstanding the usual accession of city amusements at this time of the year. There is such a wealth of literary and philosophical remarks suggested by this "happy conjunction" of Manager Wheatley's, that we are fain to try and hold yet "horses!" whenever attempting to write about the dramatic world, thus agreeably presented. Sacred be "the old corner," and consecrated let it remain, to that drama which has witnessed the brightest days of the Jewish dispensation, and now aids in the glorious triumph of Christianity. Not to bore our "go-ahead" readers with too much of the sublimity of Shakespeare, or too much of the metaphysical in critical analysis, we may now proceed to discuss Mr. Hackett's general merits in comedy, having already given a notice or two of Mr. Forrest's contributions in tragedy. Since comedy acting has been made a trade of, "specialty" at two of our leading theatres, and the contest of "other men" must have extraordinary abilities who can arrest public attention favorably under such concurrent competition. We therefore think that J. H. Hackett deserves some notable "record" during his present engagement at Niblo's Garden. As an actor, an artist, and an actor, he is one of those men whom the world of literature must delight to honor, and our pen owes him a whole alphabet of alliteration in the way of complimentary adjectives. With all his inherent genius, he has worked hardly and well to attain his present eminence. In the field of Shakespearean comedy, for example, his great range of scholarship has enabled him to give us an almost unsurpassable Sir John Falstaff, or certainly a more enjoyable and accessible yet in his general merit. Coming down to the more modern drama, "The Man of the World," what a scope of study is thus presented, for any one performer to attain perfection in! Let us give a slight review of this field of professional inquiry. With regard to Falstaff, Dr. Johnson says:—"Falstaff! unimitated, unimitable Falstaff! how shall I describe thee? thou compound of sense and vice; of sense which may be admired, but not esteemed; of vice which may be despised, but scarcely detested. Falstaff is a character loaded with faults, and with those faults which naturally produce contempt. He is a thief and a glutton, a coward and a boaster; always ready to cheat the weak, and prey upon the poor; to terrify the timorous, and insult the defenceless. At once obsequious and malignant; in his presence the most generous those upon whom he lives by flattering. He is familiar with Prince Henry only as an agent of vice; but, of this familiarity he is so proud as not only to be supercilious and haughty with common men, but to think his interest of importance to the Duke of Lancaster. Yet to the Duke he is so corrupt, thus despicable, makes himself necessary to the Duke, and thus he is the most pleasing of all qualities—perpetual gaiety; by an unflinching power of exciting laughter, which is the more freely indulged, as his wit is not of the splendid or ambitious kind, but consists in easy escapes and sallies of levity, which make sport but create no envy. It must be observed, that he is stained with no enormous or sanguinary crimes, so that his life is not so offensive but that it may be borne for his mirth." Here is what may well be called a complicated character. Such is the Falstaff Shakespeare gives us in the "First Part" and "Second Part of King Henry IV." How shall we measure the merit of an actor who can only give us a tolerable impression of a character so "mixed" character? And such a mixture? He is like the line in a cup of sherry, nearly all sediment and grossness, but yet easily mistaken for sugar. Both Rowe and Dr. Johnson have concurred in handing down the tradition that Queen Elizabeth was so pleased with the Sir John Falstaff of Shakespeare's historical plays, that she requested the great poet to let the world see the fat knight in love. Whether the woman's wish was the cause of her to set what she knew must be a perplexing task, or whether she was merely seduced from a sort of court banter in thoughtlessness, is more than this deponent can say. But, the great mind of Shakespeare was equal to the emergency, hard as it is the task at any time of writing so as to carry out the ideas of another. The line he has put into the mouth of the Duke of Illyria, in "Twelfth Night," lets us know what Shakespeare's estimate was of the universal passion—

Continuation of Theatrical Record, see page 30.

THE DRAFT IN BALDINSVILLE.

BY ARTEMUS WARD.

If I'm drafted I shall resign.
Deeply grateful for the unexpected honor thus conferred upon me, I shall feel compelled to resign the position in favor of some more worthy person. Modesty is what ails me. That's what's kept me under.

I meaner say, I shall have to resign if I'm drafted everywhere I've bin in. I must now, furrinstans, be in old in upards of 200 different towns. If I'd kept on travelin' I should have eventually becom a Brigadier in which case I could have held a meetin' and elected myself a Brigadier-ginral quite ananias. I hadn't no idee there was so many of me before. But, serisly, I concluded to stop exhibitin' and make tracks for Baldinsville.

My only daughter threw herself onto my bosom, and said, "It is me, father! I thank the gods!"
She reads the New York Ledger.

"Tip us yer bunch of five, old fader!" said Artemus, Jr. He reads the New York Clipper.

My wife was to the rowin' circle. I knew she and the wimmin folks was havin' a pleasant time slanderin' the females of the other rowin' circle, (which likewise met that afternoon, and was doubtless enjoyin' themselves ekally well in slanderin' the first named circle.) an' I didn't send for her. I allus like to see people enjoy themselves.

My son Orgustus was playin' onto a foot.
Orgustus is an etherial cuss. The twins was bildin' cob-houses in a corner of the kitchen.

It'll cost some postage stamps to raise this family, and yet it'll go hard with the old man to lose any lamb of the flock.

An old batchelor is a poor critter. He may have heard the skylark or (what's nearly the same thing) Miss Kellogg and Carloty Patti sing; he may have heard Ole Bull fiddle, and all the Dodworths toot, an' yet he don't know nothin' about music—the real, genuine thing—the music of the laughter of happy well-fed children! And you may say the father of such children home to dinner feelin' werry sure there'll be no spoons mislaid when he goes away. Such fathers never drop tin five cent pieces into the contribution box, nor palm shoe-pegs off onto blind houses for cats, nor keddaddle to British sile when their country's in danger—nor do anything which is really mean. I don't mean to intimate that the old batchelor is up to little games of this sort—not at all—but I repeat he's a poor critter. He don't live here; he only stays. He ought to "poloize, on behalf of his parients, for beln' here at all. The happy married man dies in good stile at home, surrounded by his weeping wife and children. The old batchelor don't die at all—he sort of rots away, like a polly-wog's tail.

My townsmen was sort o' demoralized. There was a evident desine to evade the Draft, as I observed with sorer, and paritism was below Par—and Mar, too. [A Jew desprit.] I hadn't no sooner sot down on the piazza of the tavern than I saw sixteen solitary hosmen ridin, four abreast, weadin' their way up the street.

"What's them? Is it calvary?"
"That," said the landlord, "is the stage. Sixteen able-bodied citizens has lately bo't the stage line 'tween here and Scotsburg. That's them. They're stage drivers. Stage drivers is exempt."

I saw that each stage driver carried a letter in his left hand.

"The mail is heavy to-day," said the landlord. "Gin'rally they don't have more'n half-a-dozen letters 'tween 'em. To-day they've got one piece! Bile my lights and liver!"

"And the passengers?"

"There ain't any, soacely, now-days," said the landlord, "and what few there is very much prefer to walk, the roads is so rough."

"And how is it with you?" I inquired of the editor of the Bugle Horn of Liberty, who sat near me.

"I can't g.g." he sed, shakin' his hed in a very wise way. "Ordinarily I should delight to wade in gore, but my bleedin' country bids me stay at home. It is imperative necessary that I remain here for the puppus of announcein' from week to week, that our Gov'ment is about to take vigorous measures to put down the rebellion!"

I strolled into the village oyster saloon, where I found Dr. Schwazey, a leadin' citizen, in a state of mind which showed that he'd bin histin' in more'n his share of pleuz.

"Hello, old Beeswax," he bellered; "How's your grand-mama? When you goin' to feed your stuffed animals?"

"What's the matter with the eminent physician?" I pleasantly inquired.

"This," he said; "this is what's the matter. I'm a habitual drunkard! I'm exempt!"

"Do you see them beans, old man?" and he pinto to a plate before him. "Do you see 'em?"

"I do. They are a cheerful fruit when used temperately."

"Well," said he, "I hain't eat anything since last week. I eat beans now because I eat beans then. I never mix my vittles!"

"It's quite proper you should eat a little suthin' once in a while," I said. "It's a good idee to occasionally instruct the stummick that it mustn't depend exclusively on licker for its sustenance."

"A blessin'," he cried; "a blessin' onto the hed of the man what invented beans. A blessin' onto his hed!"

"Which his name is Gilson! He's a first family of Bostin'," said I.

This is a specimen of how things was goin' in my place of residence.

A few was true blue. The schoolmaster was among 'em. He greeted me warmly. He said I was welkin to those shores. He said I had a massiv mind. It was gratifyin', he said, to see that great intellect stalkin' in their midst onet more. I have before had occasion to notice this schoolmaster. He is evidently a young man of far more than ord'nary talents.

The schoolmaster proposed we should git up a mass-meetin'. The meetin' was largely attended. We held it in the open air, round a roarin' bonfire.

The schoolmaster was the first orator. He's pretty good on the speak. He also writes well, his composition bein' seldom marred by ingrammaticisms. He said this inactivity surprised him. "What do you expect will come of this kind of doin's? Nihil fit."

"Hooray for Nihil!" I interrupted. "Fellow-citizens, let's give three cheers for Nihil, the man who fit!"

The schoolmaster turned a little red, but repeated—"Nihil fit."

"Exactly," I said. "Nihil fit. He wasn't a strategy feller."

"Our venerable friend," said the schoolmaster, smilin' pleasantly, "isn't posted in Virgil."

"No, I don't know him. But if he's a able-bodied man he must stand his little draft."

The schoolmaster wound up in eloquent style, and the subscriber took the stand.

I said the crisis had not only cum itself, but it had brought all its relations. It has cum, I said, with a evident inten ion of makin' us a good long visit. It's gon'to take off its things and stop with us. My wife says so too. This is a good war. For those who like this war, it's just such a kind of war as they like. I'll bet ye. My wife says so too. If the Federal army succeeds in takin' Washington, and they seem to be advancin' that way pretty often, I shall say it is strategy, and Washington will be safe. And that noble banner, as it were—that banner, as it were—will be a emblem, or rather, I should say that noble banner—as it were. My wife says so too. [I got a little mixed up here, but they didn't notice it. Keep mum.] Feller citizens, it will be

a proud day for this Republic when Washington is safe. Gloucester, Massachusetts, is safe. Gen. Fremont is there. No danger of Gloucester, Massachusetts, as long as Gen. Fremont's there. And may the day be not far distant when I can say the same of Washington. But if it is saved, it will be by strategy. Vermont will soon be safe. Gen. Phelps is comin' home. Let us all rejoice that Vermont is about to be safe. My wife says so too.

The editor of the Bugle Horn of Liberty here arose and said: "I do not wish to interrupt the gentleman, but a important dispatch has just bin received at the telegraph office here. I will read it. It is as follows: 'Gov'ment is about to take vigorous measures to put down the rebellion!' [Loud applause]

That, said I, is cheering. That's soothing. And Washington will be safe. [Sensation.] Philadelphia is safe. Gen. Patterson's is in Philadelphia. But my heart bleeds partic'ly for Washington. My wife says so, too.

There's money enough. No trouble about money. They've got a lot of first-class bank-note engravers at Washington (which place, I regret to say, is by no means safe) who turn out two or three cords of money a day—good money, too. Goes well. These bank-note engravers make good wages. I expect they lay up property. They are full of Union sentiment. There is considerable Union sentiment in Virginy, more specially among the honest farmers of the Shenandoah valley. My wife says so, too.

Then it isn't money we want. But we do want men, and we must have them. We must carry a whirlwind of fire among the foe. We must crush the ungrateful rebels who are poundin' the Goddess of Liberty over the head with slung-shots, and stabbin' her with stolen knives! We must lick 'em quick. We must introduce a large number of first-class funerals among the people of the South. Betsy says so, too.

This war hain't been too well managed. We all know that. What then? We are all in the same boat—if the boat goes down, we go down with her. Hence we must all fight. It ain't no use to talk now about who caused the war. That's played out. The war is upon us—upon us all—and we must all fight. We can't "reason" the matter with the foe—only with steel and led. When, in the broad glare of the noonday sun, a speckled jackass boldly and maliciously kicks over a peanut stand, do we "reason" with him? I guess not. And why "reason" with those other Southern people who are tryin' to kick over the Republic? Betsy, my wife, says so, too.

I have great confidence in A. Linkin. The old fellow's heart is in the right place, and his head is clear. There's bin sum queer doin's by some of his deputies—civil and military—but let it pass. We must save the Union. And don't let us wait to be drafted. The Republic is our mother. For God's sake, don't let us stop to draw lots to see which of us shall go to the rescue of our wounded and bleeding mother. Drive the assassins from her throat—drive them into the sea! And then, if it's worth while, stop and argue about who caused all this in the first place. You've heard the showman. You've heard my wife, too. Me and Betsy is 1.

The meetin' broke up with enthusiasm. We shan't draft in Baldinsville if we can help it.—Vanity Fair.

EUCHRE.

"Four knaves in garbs succinct, a trusty hand,
Caps on their head, and halberds in their hand;
And party-colored troops, a shining train,
Drawn forth to combat on the velvet plain."—POPE.

Those clever fellows, who, in social circles, or at the club, resort to the excited combinations exhibited by

"The painted tablets, dealt and dealt again!"

recreation and amusement being their only aim—accredit Euchre, *par excellence*, the most entertaining and fascinating of all the games of cards yet invented.

The earliest knowledge which we, personally, have been able to gather of this favorite card game, was its introduction in the Metropolis of the Union. In the days—"those days are passed, Florante!"—of Gen. Jackson's first presidential term, by an ardent and slightly illiterate admirer of the General—an Honorable M. C. from the Tennessee State—who was wont emphatically to pronounce it the "hazardestest game on the keards;" although the game had been played, long prior to that period, in every territory, and on every raft and steamboat afloat upon the exulting waters of the Mississippi River.

There exists a legend ascribing its invention to two Friars, of "orders gray," who had been imprisoned for some improper practice, or other malversation, and who are said to have invented the game to while away the tedious hours of incarceration; but the story is rather apocryphal.

It is also narrated that the game sprang, like Venus, from the sea—that it is the result of a sailor's ingenuity, Jack reversing the usual order of things on ship-board, by placing his namesakes in command, and giving them the appropriate nautical appellations of Right Bower and Left Bower, in compliment to the main anchors of the ship.

The origin of the game—generally admitted to be German—is not satisfactorily explained, and no mention whatever is made of it in the curious and elaborate treatise by S. W. Singer, entitled *Researches into the History of Playing Cards*, 4to, London, 1816; nor in any of the English editions of Hoyle's Games; nor in Capt. Crawley's *Hand Book of Games for Gentlemen*, 12mo, London, 1860. The French are equally silent. No notice of the game is to be found in the long and learned array of articles on the various games of cards—and their name is legion—in the extended *Dictionnaire des Jeux de l'Encyclopedie Methodique*; and M. Van Tenac, in his *Album des Jeux*, 12mo, Paris, 1847, a recent and careful collection of modern games of cards, seems entirely ignorant of its existence.

We have just learned under date of Paris, December 8, 1861, from a distinguished French *savant*, now engaged in collecting materials for an elaborate and scientific treatise on card games, that Euchre is not of French origin, and that the game is not noticed by any French writer on games.

In this country, the only teaching we have of the game—except a few paragraphs in the late American editions of Hoyle's Games, and of Bohn's *New Hand Book of Games*—is contained in *The Game of Euchre*; with its Laws, 32mo, Philadelphia, 1850, pp. 32, attributed to a late learned jurist.

The name itself even—Euchre—is a mystery. Although the game is generally supposed, in this country, to be of German invention, yet we are informed by the most eminent linguist in Germany, Professor Grimm, of the University of Berlin, that Euchre is not a German word, and has no sound of the language.

It has been facetiously suggested that it might possibly be the German for *Eureka!* denoting that the Queen game of cards has at length been found! But, as we do not profess to especial erudition in the Teutonic linguistics, we venture no opinion of its philological deduction.

Nor can we trace the least analogy or affinity, as regards the promotion of the Knave into the rank of command ing cards, when of the suit, or color of the trump, to any other card game. In some few particulars, however, it bears quite a resemblance to the game of *Boarte*. How so animated and bright a game ever sprang from the brain of a phlegmatic German is somewhat marvellous—unless, it may have been invented by that identical Baron, portly and solid like the rest of them, who was making the most terrible racket in his solitary apartment, in Paris, one morning, jumping over stools and slippers, and other "anti-altitudinous" articles, and whose noted reply to the agitated and expostulating garcon, was, *J'apprends a clore* *vi*. He may have succeeded in attaining the lively.

Whatever its origin, Euchre appears to have been introduced into the United States by the German settlers of Pennsylvania, and from that State gradually to have disseminated throughout every State of the Union. But the original game has been so much improved by the additions and variations bestowed upon it in consequence of

its great popularity with all classes in this country, that it may now fairly be denominated one of our peculiar American institutions. A squatter, in the "Land of the West," would consider his education sadly neglected, now-a-days, if a knowledge of this game was not one of his attainments; it is as necessary to his enjoyment of life as a stone jug of "Bourbon," with a cernob "cork"—the "democratic decanter," as they call it.

The word *Bower*, the German for Jack, or Knave, Americanized to Bower, is said to be the only term used in the game which has been adopted from the German.

Whist—and here let us pause with reverence—"not that I loved Caesar less, but that I loved Rome more"—Whist, we resume, since Hoyle perfected its invention, and published his treatise on the game, about one hundred and twenty years ago, has been acknowledged to be the noblest game played with cards. As twenty more cards are involved in its play than at Euchre, and every one of them delivered in each deal, the game is undoubtedly more exact and mathematical. We fancy, however, that it is this very absence of mathematical accuracy which is one of the peculiar merits of our game; for nearly one third of the Euchre pack is not distributed in the deal, but remains in the talon; thus adding to the variety and chances of the play, and affording exciting combinations for the exercise of the shrewd player's judgment.

But we are free to confess that, in nearly a quarter of a century's addition to Euchre—*viginti annorum incubationes*—we have never met a fine player of both games who did not much prefer our pet game.

We repeat, then, that accomplished adepts at both games—those social spirits who make of play a *déshonneur*, and not a laborious speculation—greatly prefer Euchre, because of the more sprightly character of the game, and its less mathematical exactness—giving more scope to chance and judgment, and affording a much keener enjoyment. And then consider that during the entire play of all the thirteen tricks at Whist, the most lugubrious silence, which is not our *grand talent*, must prevail—for we can only "speak by the card"—and, indeed, it has become an axiom of that game, that whoever approximates nearest to being dumb, may be deemed the best player! At Euchre, on the contrary, every deal of five cards apiece only—

"Oph. 'Tis brief, my Lord,
Ham. As woman's love!"

is played out dashing in, in a few minutes, affording opportunities to discuss the general topics of the day, for lively repartee and anecdotes—those gems of conversation—while the contrasts of chagrin and joy presented by unlooked-for defeat or success, so often recurring in the various vicissitudes of the play, "serve to set the table in a roar." Such a *seance* will frequently glide away so delectably as to inoculate pale melancholy with the bud of mirth.

In a transit of the Atlantic, or a voyage to the Indies, which "drags its slow length along"—especially when *not* seasick—Whist naturally presents peculiar advantages to those whose "only labor is to kill the time, and labor dire it is," says the poet. But, if one desires to amuse and tickle oneself—"when sailing o'er life's troubled main"—for the limited period of eight or ten hours only, in the pleasant occupation of disclosing mysterious combinations produced by thirty-two cards—seasoned with cheerful conversation and innocent mirth the while, we commend him to Euchre.

Euchre may be likened to that refined and seductive beverage, Champagne wine—sparkling and bright—while Whist more resembles the potent, heady tipple, the Brownstout of its native England.

Of all sedentary amusements—except a fourth-class clerkship in the Treasury Department—the most "affectionate" Euchre.

EXPAND THE CHEST.—Those in easy circumstances, or those who pursue sedentary, in-door employment, use their lungs but little, breathe but little air into the chest, and thus, independent of position, contract a wretchedly small chest, and lay the foundation of the loss of health and beauty. All this can be perfectly obviated by a little attention to the manner of breathing. Recollect that the lungs are like a bladder in their construction, and can be stretched open to double their size with perfect safety, giving a noble chest, and perfect immunity from consumption. The agent, and the only agent we require, is the common air we breathe, supposing, however, that no obstacle exists, external to the chest, such as tying it round with stays, or having the shoulders lying upon it. On arising from your bed in the morning, place yourself in an erect position, the shoulder thrown off the chest; now inhale all the air you can, so that no more can be got in; now hold your breath and throw your arms off behind, holding your breath as long as possible. Repeat these long breaths as much as you please. Done in a cold room is much better, because the air is much denser, and will act much more powerfully in expanding the chest. Exercising the chest in this manner, will enlarge the capability and size of the lungs.

AND SO FORTH.—There is a young man in the army, who was born July 4, at 4 o'clock P. M., No. 44, in a street in Boston, 1844, a 4th child, has names, enlisted into the Newton company which has fought the 4th battalion, 44th regiment, 4th company, and on the 4th of September was appointed 4th corporal, and is now going forth to defend his country.

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